

OXFORD OBSERVER.

{ TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM—OR ONE DOLLAR & SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS IF PAID IN ADVANCE. }

BY WILLIAM E. GOODNOW AND WILLIAM P. PHELPS.

{ ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted at the usual rates. }
{ COMMUNICATIONS for publication, must come postage paid. }

VOLUME VI.

THE REFLECTOR.

[From the Providence Journal.]

THE GOLDEN BOW.

And shall the promised crown of life
Be thought a toy, nor worth a strife?

QUARLES.

Nothing, perhaps, is more unaccountable to the eye of reason, than the false estimate which men, in general, place upon the world. In this estimate, the experience of ages weighs not a feather. Whatever may be said of the depravity of man, we may give him full credit, in this respect, for constancy and perseverance worthy of a better cause. He will not learn wisdom by the miscarriages of others. If he be told by a Solomon that the race of pleasure is vanity, nothing but vanity, he is still eager to tread, what he considers to be a rosy way. If he be reminded that riches take to themselves wings, and fly away, he gazes no less intensely at the blind Goddess, waiting for some favorable turn of her golden wheel. If it be insinuate that even glory's garland, often withers upon the brow, by rapid strides, if possible, would he reach the temple of fame. Nothing seems to quench his ardor. Nothing would, though the whole track of human life, from the earliest period of time to the present hour, were laid open before him, strewed with disappointments, griefs and tears, severed limbs and mangled carcasses, treacheries and broken hearts, lost honors and the crumbling crowns of humbled monarchs. But all this is easily resolved by the light of revelation. This spreads before us the ruin of the apostacy, in which we perceive, that man is of the earth, earthly.

The representations of the scriptures on this subject must be true. Otherwise it could not be that rational beings, having the stamp of immortality, should so highly prize that which withers at the touch, and so foolishly undervalue that which is immortal and may become their own, with all the felicity that Heaven can bestow. The "crown of life," mentioned at the head of this paper, is one of those scriptural phrases signifying the blissful immortality of the saints. It is also called "a crown of righteousness," to denote the character entitled to it; and "a crown of glory," significant of their high honor to be enjoyed at the right hand of "the Majesty on High." It is promised to all who "fear God and keep his commandments." Here then is something worthy the attention and pursuit of an immortal mind. When the Saviour says, it shall profit a man nothing, should he gain the whole world, if he lose his soul, he means to say, that this crown is more important to every individual, than the glory of the world, even on the supposition that he could make it his own. But the multitude, notwithstanding, being

"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," never lift their hearts on high, although real glory there awaits the pious pilgrim. Here they put "light for darkness and darkness for light," completely inverting the order of all good, and count that glory "a toy," not worth a single labor, while real toys, they esteem as precious substance. Should a general in the heat of battle, who had promised himself a signal victory, turn from his duty to chase a butterfly, he would be considered a madman, and deserving a signal overthrow. But this is a feeble image to express the folly of that man, who licks the dust of the earth like a serpent it being his privilege to mount upward with an eagle's wing, towards the celestial abodes.

Could we institute any thing like a comparison, founded in truth, between the good things of time and those of the upper world, he would have some shew of excuse. This cannot be done.—What is a drop of water to the ocean? What a grain of sand to the bulk of the earth? Infinitely greater is the difference between time and eternity. What is the chaff to the wheat? What is the small dust of the balance to the pure ingot of gold? Infinitely greater is the difference between the joys of earth and bliss Heaven.

Were there a manifest contradiction and inconsistency in the duties of ordinary life, and that piety and devotion which prepares him for Heaven, man might still excuse himself with some plausibility for neglecting the last. This however cannot be objected. The whole substance of divine truth and religion is expressed in a brief but comprehensive manner in the following sentence of the Apostle Paul; "not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." A man may then engage in all the correct and rational pursuits of this life and at the same time toil for the glory. He may learn and pursue any art, trade or mystery, suited to his caprice, station and circumstances; he may delight himself with the stores of literature and treasures of science; he may spread the wing of commerce and visit every shore; dig gold from the bowels of the earth, and fish pearls and coral from the depths of the sea; he may

plead in the forum, or display his eloquence in the senate; he may preside over states or nations, and yet, if his heart be right in the sight of God, it shall be said of him, in the last day, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

None in a christian land, can excuse themselves for inattention to their eternal interests on account of a divine decree, or the want of the means of grace. God has solemnly declared he has "no pleasure in the death of him that dieth," and to prove this he has given his "only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish but have eternal life." "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation? But he who engages in the cause of piety, endeavouring to make all his temporal affairs subservient to his spiritual, will find in the end, that "Labor virtutis gloriam accipit," the labor of virtue is crowned with glory.

The man who contents himself today with that which he has, will content himself to-morrow with that which he may have.

MISCELLANY.

[From the Portland Advertiser.]

COURTSHIP.

After my sleighride, last winter, and the slippery trick I was served by Patty Bean, nobody would suspect me of hankering after the women again in a hurry. To hear me curse and swear and rail out against the whole feminine gender, you would have taken it for granted that I should never so much as look at one of them again, to all eternity—O, but I was wicked. "Darn and blast their eyes—says I. Blame their skins—torment their hearts and darn them to darnation." Finally I took an oath and swore that if I ever meddled or had any dealings with them again (in the sparkling line I mean) I wished I might be hung and choaked.

But sweating off from women, and then going into a meeting house chock full of gals, all shining and glistening in their Sunday clothes and clean faces, is like swearing off from liquor and then going into a grog shop. It's all smoke.

I held out and kept firm to my oath for three whole Sundays. Forenoons, afternoons and intermissions complete. On the fourth, there were strong symptoms of a change of weather. A chap, about my size was seen on the way to the meeting house with a new patent hat on; his head hung by the ears upon a shirt collar; his cravat had a pudding in it and branched out in front, into a double bow knot. He carried a straight back and a stiff neck, as a man ought to, when he has his best clothes on; and every time he spit he sprung his body forward like a Jack-knife, in order to shoot clear of the ruffles.

Squire Jones' pew is next but two to mine; and when I stand up to prayers and take my coat tail under my arm, and turn my back to the minister, I naturally look right strait at Sally Jones. Now Sally has got a face not to be grinned at in a fog. Indeed, as regards beauty, some folks think she can pull an even yoke with Patty Bean. For my part, I think there is not much boot between them. Any how, they are so nigh matched that they have hated and despised each other, like rank poison ever since they were school-girls.

Squire Jones had got his evening fire on, and set himself down to reading the great bible, when he heard a rap at his door. "Walk in.—Well, John, how d'you do? Git out, Pompey.—Pretty well, I thank ye squire, and how d'you do?—Why, so as to be crawling—ye ugly beast, will ye hold yer yop—haul up a chair and set down John."

"How d'you do, Mrs. Jones? O, middlin', how's you marm? Don't forget the mat, there, Mr. Beedle." This put me in mind that I had been off soundings several times, in the long muddy lane; and my boots were in a sweet pickle.

It was now old Captain Jones' turn, the grandfather. Being roused from a doze, by the bustle and racket, he opened both his eyes, at first, with wonder and astonishment. At last he began to halloo so loud that you might hear him a mile; for he takes it for granted that every body is just exactly as deaf as he is.

"Who is it? I say, who in the world is it?" Mrs. Jones going close to his ear, screamed out, "it's Johnny Beedle."—"Ho, Johnny Beedle." I remember, he was one summer at the siege of Boston."—"No, no, father, that was his grandfather, that's been dead and gone this twenty year."—"Ho.—But where does he come from?"—Daown taown.—Ho.—And what does he fellow for a livin'?"—And he did not stop asking questions, after this sort, till all the particulars of the Beedle family were published and proclaimed in Mrs. Jones' last screech. He then sunk back into his doze again.

The dog stretched himself before one

andiron; the cat squat down before the other. Silence came on by degrees, like a calm snow storm, till nothing was heard but a cricket under the hearth, keeping tune with a sappy yellow birch forestick. Sally sat up prim, as if she were pinned to the chair-back; her hands crossed gently upon her lap, and her eyes looking straight into the fire. Mammy Jones tried to straighten herself too, and laid her hands across in her lap. But they would not lay still. It was full twenty-four hours since they had done any work, and they were out of all patience with keeping Sunday.—

Do what she would to keep them quiet, they would bounce up, now and then, and go through the motions, in spite of the fourth commandment. For my part I sat looking very much like a fool. The more I tried to say something the more my tongue stuck fast. I put my right leg over the left and said "hem." Then I changed, and put the left leg over the right. It was no use; the silence kept coming on thicker and thicker. The drops of sweat began to crawl all over me. I got my eye upon my hat, hanging on a peg, on the road to the door; and then I eyed the door. At this moment, the old Captain, all at once sung out "Johnny Beedle!" It sounded like a clap of thunder, and I started right up an aend.

"Johnny Beedle, you'll never handle such a drumstick as your father did, if yer live to the age of Mathusaler. He would toss up his drumstick, and while it was whirlin' in the air, take off a gill er rum, and then ketch it as it come down, without losin' a stroke in the tunc. What d'ye think of that, ha? But seull your chair round, close along side er me, so yer can hear.—Now, what have you come ater?—I—a'er! O, jest taking a walk. Pleasant walkin' I guess. I mean jest to see how ye all do. Ho.—That's another lie. You've come a courtin', Johnny Beedle; you're ater our Sal. Say, now, d'ye want to marry or only to court?"

This was what I call a choaker.—Poor Sally made but one jump and landed in the middle of the kitchen; and then skulked in the dark corner, till the old man, after laughing himself into a whooping cough, was put to bed.

Then came apples and cider; and, the ice being broke, plenty chat with mammy Jones about the minister and the 'sermon.' I agreed with her to a nicely upon all the points of doctrine; but I had forgot the text and all the heads of the discourse but six. Then she teased and tormented me to tell who I accounted the best singer in the gallery, that day. But, mun—there was no getting that cut of me. "Praise to the face is often disgrace" says I, throwing a sly squint at Sally.

At last, Mrs. Jones lighted t'other candle; and after charging Sally to look well to the fire, she led the way to bed, and the Squire gathered up his shoes and stockings and followed.

Sally and I were left sitting a good yard apart, honest measure. For fear of getting tongue-tied again, I set right in, with a steady stream of talk. I told her all the particulars about the weather that was past, and also made some pretty cute guesses at what it was like to be in future. At first, I gave a hitch up with my chair at every full stop. Then growing saucy, I repeated at every comma, and semicolon; and at last it was hitch, hitch, hitch, and I planted myself by the side of her.

"I swow, Sally, you looked so plaguey handsome to day, that I wanted to eat you up."—"Pshaw, git along you," says she. My hand had crept along, somehow, upon its fingers, and begun to scrape acquaintance with hers. She sent it home again, with a desperate jerk. "Try it agin"—no better luck. "Why Miss Jones you're gettin' opstropelous, a little old maidish, I guess."—"Hands off fair play, Mr. Beedle."

It is a good sign to find a girl sulky. I knew where the shoe pinched. It was that Patty Bean business. So I went to work to persuade her that I had never had any notion after Patty, and to prove it I fell to running her down at a great rate. Sally could not help chiming in with me, and I rather guess Miss Patty suffered a few. I now, not only got hold of her hand without opposition, but managed to slip an arm round her waist. But there was no satisfying me; so I must go to sticking out my lips for a buss. I guess I rued it. She fetched me a slap in the face that made me see stars, and my ears rung like a brass kettle for a quarter of an hour. I was forced to laugh at the joke, tho' out of the wrong side of my mouth, which gave my mouth somewhat the look of a gridiron.

The battle now began in the regular way. "Ah, Sally, give me a kiss, and ha'done with it, now. I won't so there, nor tech to—I'll take it, whether or no.—Do it, if you dare."—And at it we went, rough and tumble. An odd destruction of starch now commenced.—

The bow of my cravat was squat up in half a shake. At the next bout, smash went shirt collar, and, at the same time, some of the head fastenings gave way, and down came Sally's hair in a flood, like a mill dam broke loose,—carrying away half a dozen combs.—One dig of Sally's elbow, and my blooming ruffles wilted down to a dishcloth. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck tackling began to shiver. It parted at the throat, whorah, came a whole school of blue and white beads, scampering and running races every which way, about the floor.

By the Hokey; if Sally Jones is'n't real grit, there's no snakes. She fought fair, however, I must own, and neither tried to bite nor scratch; and when she could fight no longer, for want of breath she yielded handsomely. Her arms fell down by her sides, her head back over the chair, her eyes clothed, and there lay her little plump mouth, all in the air. Lord! did ye ever see a hawk pounce upon a young robin? Or a bumblebee upon a clover top?—I say nothing.

Consin it, how a buss will crack, of a still frosty night. Mrs. Jones was half way between asleep and awake.—"There goes my yeast bottle, says she to herself—burst into twenty hundred pieces, and my bread is all dough agin."

The upshot of the matter is, I fell in love with Sally Jones, head over ears. Every Sunday night, rain or shine, finds me rapping at 'Squire Jones' door, and twenty times have I been within a hair's breadth of popping the question. But now I have made a final resolve; and if I live till next Sunday night, and if I don't get choaked in the trial, Sally Jones will hear thunder. Y. Y.

HARD TIMES.

Such is, and such always has been, the cry of our farmers; and the present times, as must be confessed, are hard, if we compare them exclusively with much better times, so far as relates to the prices of agricultural produce. But before we feel justified in complaining of hard times and general distress, ought we not to look to worse times, as well as better? and to other countries as well as our own? It is true that wheat will not fetch \$2 per bushel, neither will hay bring \$20 per ton. But does the happiness and the comfort of life depend, indispensably on those prices? Has not the farmer an abundance, and more than he can devour, of meat and bread? Does he not manage scandalously whose garden does not furnish him with plenty of good vegetables? and whose dairy does not yield milk and butter to consume and to spare? Cannot every farmer raise cotton and wool and flax to clothe his family and his people?

He who has not enough of all these, owes the deficiency to his own want of industry and plain obvious management; and with an abundance of meat, bread, vegetables, milk, and clothing, beer and cider, is it not under Providence, ungrateful to be forever repining and moaning and complaining about hard times! hard times! Where is the nation, we speak of the mass of the people, on the habitable globe, that would not, if they could, change "times" and conditions with us, and facilitate themselves and sing hallelujahs to that kind Providence which had supplied the means of gratifying every want that is essential to wholesome and comfortable living? The bane of our happiness consists in confounding luxuries with necessities; and in keeping our imaginations forever fixed on those who have, *per fas aut per nefas*, accumulated the means of pampering their morbid and vicious appetites with every dainty, and their vanity with all kinds of empty shows, rather than on the millions in other countries who are literally naked, and perishing for want of bread!

If we would look oftener at these, we Americans would cease to outrage Providence with the false cry of "hard times!" To a benevolent mind it must be painful to draw contentment from the contemplation of the wretchedness of any portion of our fellow-creatures; but reason teaches us that such contemplation does not aggravate their calamities, whilst it instructs us that ours have no reality. To form a better estimate of our own condition here in America, let us turn our regards to the people of Great Britain, that nation which is said to be the most industrious, skillful and enterprising, and to be governed by the wisest policy ever pursued by public councils.—*American Farmer.*

RWARD OF INDUSTRY.

In the late report of the Trustees of the Portland Savings Institution, it is stated that the largest sum deposited by one individual is *six hundred and twelve dollars*. This sum is the earnings of an industrious female of Portland, who

Another female, the ancient domestic of a family, has placed in the institution about \$300, the fruit of her earning. These females have now the comfortable assurance, that they have prepared by their industry and prudence a cheering prospect for a rainy day.

The above institution has been in operation ten years. There have been 714 depositors, and are now 428. The present amount of the fund is \$38,971 84.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

There is no purer feeling kindled up on the altar of human affections, than a sister's pure, uncontaminated love for her brother. It is unlike all other affection; so disconnected with selfish sensuality; so feminine in its developments; so dignified, and yet withal, so fond, so devoted.—Nothing can alter it, nothing can suppress it.—The world may revolve, and its revolutions effect changes in the fortunes, in the character, and in the disposition of her brother; yet if he wants whose hand will so readily stretch out to supply him, as that of his sister; and if his character is maligned, whose voice will so readily swell in his advocacy.—Next to a mother's unquenchable love, a sister's is pre-eminent. It rests so exclusively on the tie of consanguinity for its sustenance; it is so wholly divested of passion, and springs from such a deep recess in the human bosom, that when a sister once fondly and deeply regards her brother, that affection is blended with her existence, and the lamp that nourishes it expires only with that existence. In all the annals of crime, it is considered anomalous to find the hand of a sister raised in anger against her brother, or her heart nurturing the seeds of hatred, envy or revenge in regard to that brother.

In the capital of China there appears weekly a Gazette of an extraordinary form printed upon silk. It contains no foreign news, but is rich in domestic information. It is said that this newspaper has been in existence *one thousand years!* It maintains a high reputation for its veracity. In 1727, some one who dared to insert a piece of false news was punished with death; and since that time a similar one has never occurred. In the Library at Paris two samples of this paper are preserved; they are ten fathoms long!

Notes of invitation in China are of a colossal form. Their size and color are determined by the rank of the person to whom they are sent. Lord Macartney received a billet from a viceroy with which he might have carpeted a moderate sized charabri.—*Translated from Le Courier Des Etats Unis.*

When prosperous times come to the poor, they grow rich rapidly, because of their habits—when bad times come to the rich, they grow poor rapidly because of their habits. By habits are meant those of application, expense, and respect to small earnings and savings.—Habits, then, should not be much changed on account of prosperity. This is important to the man, and a blessing as an example. Luxuries and ornaments should not be considered necessities, extravagance the basis of respect, nor idleness happiness. How is it that children of the rich grow poor, and children of the poor grow rich?—*Boston Pal.*

A TURKISH BACHELOR.

A few days since, a brave and handsome Pacha having gained important victories over some rebel tribes, the Sultan conferred on him high honors, and even gave him his daughter in marriage. When the bride arrived, the first question she asked her intended, was—"How many ladies have you?" The Pacha replied that he had no wives; that he had reserved all his affection and regard for her, thinking her alone worthy of them. "Oh," said the princess, turning up her nose, "whoever heard of such a shabby fellow! A man with only one wife! I wont marry you unless you take the full number." Incredible as this anecdote appears, Mr. Buckingham states it as an absolute fact, and said that he was well acquainted with the Pacha.

ANECDOTE.—The Detroit Gazette relates, that some time ago a malicious white hunter shot an Indian, against whom he had some grudge, as he was climbing up a tree, and wounded him severely. The offender excused himself before the justice, by swearing that he thought it was a bear. The Indian, who talked good English, appeared thunderstruck, and replied, "If you say you thought it was a bear going up a tree with red leggins on, I am done!"

SILK THREAD.—"inferior only to the best Italian," is beginning to be manufactured to a considerable extent in Alabama. Our country produces now all that is necessary, and will soon bring forth most of the luxuries of living.

OXFORD OBSERVER.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EAST OF EUROPE.

ODESSA, June 8. Two ships have arrived here from Constantinople in five days, bringing a number of prisoners whom the Sultan has liberated in return for the generosity of our Emperor, who had set at liberty many Turkish prisoners—six officers and 100 privates. The Turkish fleet had returned from its cruise bringing with it the Raphael frigate captured off Heraclea.

The number of troops under the Grand Vizier which was repulsed at Pravadi and Diano, amounting to 29,000. In the battle the Grand Vizier was slightly wounded in the foot by a spent ball. In an intercepted letter of the Grand Vizier, he says, "I am obliged to expose myself to danger to give an example to my Pachas, who will not imitate the Russians, whose officers are always seen at the head of their columns, and to die in case of need."

ECCHARIST, July 2. A Courier has this moment arrived with despatches from Lt. Gen. Krasowsky, from Silistria, with news that that fortress has fallen under the victorious attacks of the Russians. The Turkish garrison, which after an obstinate resistance was reduced to their last extremity, surrendered prisoners of war. It amounted to 10,000, without including the inhabitants. Among the number were two Pachas of the highest grade. Above 100 pair of colors, the flotilla of the Danube—and a great quantity of ammunition and provisions, are the trophies of the victory."

LONDON, July 20. The fall of Silistria into the hands of the Russians is now certain. Prussian and Parle Gazettes announce the event, varying only in a few particulars. The Russians found 256 pieces of canon in the fortress, two horse tails, 100 standards, and a large amount of munitions of war. The news was sent from Strasburgh to Paris by telegraphic despatch. The Pachas captured in the place were Hady Achet and Sert Mahmoud, both eminent officers. The Berlin Gazette make the garrison 8000 men, and the militia 10,000. Before the siege the population of Silistria was estimated at 60,000 souls. Contrary to the old Turkish custom the fortress capitulated before it had sustained an assault. According to one of the papers the total number of prisoners was 10,000: but this is of small consequence compared with the capture of this important fortress, and the flotilla of the Danube.

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 23. The English and French Ambassadors have arrived here, and were received in the most distinguished manner, but have not had a formal conference with the Reis Effendi.—They have learned, however, that the Porte will not agree to the new boundaries of Greece as required by the last Protocol of the high Allies; but it will agree to the terms first offered by the Allies. The Sultan is making great efforts to increase his army; and all men capable of bearing arms have been ordered to march to the Balkan. The defeat of the Grand Vizier has been known here several days; and it has been publicly stated, that he is still at the head of 40,000 men at Choumla, and was on the eve of again assuming the offensive.—All admit that he lost the battle of the 11th of June; but that having cut his way back to Choumla after being surrounded, ground was afforded for disputing the victory.—Ali Pacha is said to have fallen in the action.

The Captain Pacha is on a third cruise in the Black Sea.

The Prussian Envoy at Constantinople is a most gentlemanly and intelligent Oriental, and speaks the English language with fluency and purity. In his youth he received part of his education in a British School in India, and has visited England as Agent of the Persian Prince Abbas-Mirza.

The news of the defeat of the Grand Vizier on the 11th June, is said to have given fresh life to the insurrectionary spirit in Servia and other Turkish provinces, and occasioned much apprehension and increased vigilance in the Turkish Chiefs.—Fears are entertained for the fate of Choumla, the key of the Balkan, where it is said the Grand Vizier left only 10,000 men; and did not bring back more than 300. Some allowance must be made for such tales. The Grand Vizier's army is said in the Russian bulletins to have amounted to 40,000.—Some of the Turkish accounts say it was originally 15,000, and afterwards reinforced to 25,000. The last Russian accounts stated the total loss of the Turks at 700. There must, therefore, be a large number unaccounted for; and as they were said to be traversing the forest, it is not probable that many of them could have perished for want of food to sustain life at least, and as the road to Choumla was open to them, and not but a few miles off, it is very likely we shall hear that same thousands have joined the grand Vizier in that vicinity.

The Emperor of Brazil is to be married to the Princess Leuchtenburgh, of the Beauharnois family; and the king of Spain to a Neapolitan Princess.

OXFORD OBSERVER.

NORWAY, TUESDAY, SEP. 1, 1829.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

JONATHAN G. HUNTON.

FOR THE STATE SENATE.

YORK COUNTY.

NATHAN D. APPLETON,
JOHN BODWELL,
ABIJAH USHER, JR.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

JONATHAN PAGE.
GEORGE RICKER.
GEORGE L. EMERSON.

OXFORD COUNTY.

GEORGE FRENCH,
MARSHALL SPRING.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,

HENRY RUST, ESQ.

LINCOLN COUNTY.

SYMS GARDNER,
EBENEZER HILTON,
JAMES DRUMMOND,
HALSEY HEALEY.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.

SANFORD KINGSBURY.
ELIJAH MORSE.
ASHER HINDS.

WASHINGTON COUNTY.

OBADIAH HILL.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

EBENEZER S. PHELPS.

COUNTY OF PENOBSCOT.

SOLOMON PARSONS.

HANCOCK AND WALDO.

ANDREW WITHAM,
AARON HOLBROOK.

"We have accidentally omitted to notice before, that the candidates for senators, nominated at the federal caucus recently held at Norway, were Hon. George French and Marshall Spring, Esq."—[Jeffersonian.]

We do not copy the above for the sake of comment. We merely wish to remark, that we have been grossly deceived if the Convention lately held in this town was a "federal caucus." Before we were blessed, in Oxford, with the talents and Democracy of the Editor of the Jeffersonian, we were in the habit of looking up to such men as attended the Norway Convention as pure Republicans. We would with all possible deference, ask the editor of the Jeffersonian, whether he will not grant to Elias Stowell, Ebenezer Poor, Elijah Hall, William Parsons, Jr. Ezekiel Merrill, Jr. Israel Washburn, and Benjamin Bradford, some pretensions to Republicanism. Should he not condescend to do it, we cannot resist the impression, that the good people of Oxford will recognize in Elias Stowell, the old and faithful Representative of Republican Paris, and the more recent Councillor of our County; in Ebenezer Poor the faithful and able Senator of our County in her purest days; in Elijah Hall the brave and patriotic officer, who commanded a volunteer company in the late war with Great Britain; in General Parsons the commander of a Brigade of Oxford Militia; in Israel Washburn and Benjamin Bradford able Representatives of the town of Livermore, certainly one of the most respectable and most Democratic towns in the County of Oxford.

We might go through the whole convention and present a list of names not less Republican, but perhaps less known, than the Gentlemen we have selected. Call you this a federal caucus Mr. Editor? Pray, what do you call a Republican Caucus? By the way, will the Republican Editor of the Jeffersonian be so good as to give us the names of the sixteen men, who together with Judge Dana of Fryeburg nominated Elder Hutchinson and General Steele?—He has "accidentally" or otherwise forgotten to do it. We should really be pleased to see what a "Genuine Democratic" Republican Caucus is.

MR. HUNTON.

We have before expressed our conviction of the falsehood of the numerous slanders published in the Jackson papers, tending to the injury of the Republican candidate for Governor. We have, from time to time, given to our readers documentary evidence sufficient, in our apprehension, to convince them, that Mr. Hunton has been by the Jackson party most wantonly and maliciously stigmatized and abused. We now request attention to the subjoined resolutions passed at public meetings in the towns of Fayette and Mount Vernon. The Inhabitants of Fayette and Mount Vernon well know the character of Mr. Hunton and they concur fully with the town of Readfield and with the Kennebec County Convention in giving the lie direct to these Jackson slanderers.

At a meeting of the National Republicans of Fayette, duly notified and helden at the Baptist meeting-house, on Thursday the 13th of August, 1829, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted unanimously.

Whereas this town is contiguous to Readfield, and the larger part of the inhabitants live within a few miles of the residence of JONATHAN G. HUNTON, and the greater part of the individuals composing this meeting have known Mr. Hunton, and have been in the habit of doing business with him about twenty years; therefore

Resolved, That from our long acquaintance with Jonathan G. Hunton, we

consider him an honest, an honorable, and a moral man, an undeviating republican, and of sufficient talents to discharge with ability, with honor to himself, and the people, the duties of the important office to which he has been recommended by the Legislature.

Resolved, That we view with entire approbation the measures adopted by our last Legislature, and heartily concur with them in the nomination of J. G. Hunton for the office of Governor.

Resolved, That we view with the deepest sentiments of contempt and disgust the torrents of abuse and slander which have been heaped upon Mr. Hunton by Jackson presses, Jackson "Expositors," and Jackson anonymous scribblers.

Resolved, That we will use all fair and honorable means to promote the election of Jonathan G. Hunton to the office of Chief Magistrate of this State, at the approaching election.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the chairman and secretary, and that the editors of the American Advocate be requested to publish the same.

EZRA FISK, Chairman.

JOHN JUDKINS 3d, Secretary.

WHO IS TO BE BELIEVED?—The citizens of Readfield and the neighboring towns have assembled in meetings for the purpose of expressing their opinion of the character of Mr. HUNTON. The farmers and mechanics of his vicinity, who have known him long and intimately, rally around him, and pronounce the charges brought against him to be base calumnies. Are they to be believed, or shall we rather believe some concealed and unknown writer in the Maine Patriot who dare not avow his name, but who probably is paid, or expects to be paid by the Maine Junto for his villainous work? The meeting in Mount Vernon we are told by a respectable gentleman man who was present, was a very large one although in the midst of the harvest season, and composed of men who left their fields to vindicate the character of an injured fellow-citizen.—Ken. Jour.

MEETING IN MOUNT VERNON.

At a meeting of a large number of the National Republicans of the towns of Mount Vernon and Vienna, convened on Saturday, August 22, 1829, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas most of the inhabitants of the towns of Mount Vernon and Vienna are well acquainted with JONATHAN G. HUNTON, and many of the members of this meeting live but a short distance from him, and have been intimately acquainted with him for more than twenty years, knowing that he is a fair, honest and upright man, and viewing with regret the unbecoming, abusive and indecent course, which the presses in favor of the present National Administration have taken to injure his private character, and deeming it a duty which we owe to ourselves and our fellow-citizens to defend the innocent and injured; therefore

Resolved, That we have the highest confidence in the moral worth and political character of Jonathan G. Hunton.

Resolved, That we believe Jonathan G. Hunton, who was nominated by the unanimous voice of the National Republicans of our Legislature, would fill the executive chair of this State with honor and ability. We therefore cheerfully recommend him to our fellow-citizens, as a firm undeviating Republican, and will use all fair and honorable means to elect him.

Resolved, That we will cordially concur in the nomination of the Senatorial ticket made by the Republican convention held at Augusta on the 19th inst.; having the fullest confidence in the ability, integrity, and political sentiments of the Gentleman thus presented to the public, we will use our best endeavours to secure their election.

Resolved, That we highly approve of the sterling integrity, ability, and political course pursued by our last Legislature.

Resolved, That we have the highest confidence in the late administration of John Quincy Adams, and our confidence remains firm and unshaken.

Voted, That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the chairman and secretary, and that the editors of the American Advocate and Kennebec Journal be requested to publish the same.

DAVID MAGAFFY, Chairman.

JACOB GRAVES, Secretary.

SENATORS.

In September last the people of Oxford declared themselves independent of the "Court House," and they maintained their rights manfully. They have only to turn out on the day of election and vote and they will again obtain a signal victory. That there is a very large majority in the County opposed to the "Court House" dignitaries does not admit of a doubt. Inaction and negligence would therefore be unpardonable. We believe the People of Oxford are well aware of the dangerous influence that has been exercised by the combination of office holders on Paris Hill. Present and active at all primary meetings they have managed to make all the principal nominations themselves and to select none but their subservient tools. We have a most striking instance of their influence in the late nomination of General Steele.

Resolved, That from our long acquaintance with Jonathan G. Hunton, we

been nominated and supported in this County as a Senator and was put down by the "Court House" influence. We challenge contradiction, when we say that no men have been more liberal in abuse of General Steele than our County Clerk, Register of Probate, the Hon. Joseph Howard and Hon. Judge Dana. No effort was left, by these gentlemen, untried to keep him back until the "seventeen" with Judge Dana at their head brought him forward in June last. Jackson men as well as National Republicans will recollect what they have heretofore said and done in reference to Gen. Steele.

An alliance is entered into between Steele and his present friends and the Court House power presents him to the County as a candidate for the Senate. We much mistake or General Steele will repudiate his bargain with the "Court House." Messrs. French and Spring are not offered to us as the tools of the "Court House." They are presented as plain, honest, sensible uncorrupted Republicans. We cannot, for a moment, bring ourselves to doubt but they will be sustained by the Republicans of the County.

ELDER HUTCHINSON.

We last week declined publishing a communication referring to the management of Elder Hutchinson, but having since received the communication of "Plain Dealer" we yield

our own to the judgment of our friends. In our opinion the Electors of Oxford will reject the Elder, on the ground of total incompetency, even without being made acquainted with the peculiarities of his life.

REPRESENTATIVE FOR NORWAY & GREENWOOD.

A very respectable meeting of the citizens of this town and Greenwood, have nominated WILLIAM PARSONS, Junior, Esq. as a candidate for Representative. Our friends in Greenwood will be particular to insert the Junior in their tickets. The venerable father of Gen. Parsons bears the same name as his son.

FIRE.—The barn of Mr. Alfred Cushman of Sumner, was, on Monday the 24th of August, destroyed by fire together with its contents of hay, grain, &c. Loss estimated at \$300.

COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE OXFORD OBSERVER.

GENERAL STEELE.

This person, whom the Jacksonites have put in nomination for the Senate, I take to be the same Gentleman, who has heretofore been noticed by the Republicans of this County, but who, on account of indecision of character and want of independence in principle, has for a number of years been entirely neglected by all political parties. If I am correct in my supposition I have a word to say on the subject of his claims to support.

Before the Congressional Election in 1826, Gen. Steele was decidedly and undisguisedly an Adams-man, and with all his influence, supported SAMUEL A. BRADLEY, a FEDERALIST, for Member of Congress, because he deprecated the election of General Jackson, as President of the United States.

Whilst some of the friends of James W. Ripley were urging him upon the People as an Adams-man, and others, who knew the secret, were in the exercise of other instruments to secure his election, we found General Steele fiercely and without weariness opposing him on the ground of his being in truth for Jackson.

The Eastern Argus had become a polluted, time-serving print and he would have nothing to do with it. Its course had been infamous and its object undoubtedly was to bring ruin upon the republican party. He could then pledge his interest and influence in favor of a certain Gentleman in Porter for representative to the Legislature, because he was firm in the Adams cause. All this however was only while the predominance of the Adams interest throughout the country seemed certain. On the prospect of the election of Jackson he was one of the first to leap from the fence, and "hurrah for the hero" and now forsooth he must have his "reward."

We see that he can be reconciled to the Argus with all its corruption; that he can evade his promises to the Gentleman of Porter, and desert him upon the threats of another, who wanted to go Representative himself, and finally enlist, *tots viribus*, under the Jackson flag and the auspices of the Jackson interest.

This, fellow-citizens, is a feeble portrait of the management of General Steele for popularity and office.

Will you give your suffrages or intrust your political rights to a man so evanescent in principle, so unstable in essentials?

It is enough to say of him to-day that he is a thorough-going Jacksonite, but could he subserve his interest by a different course to-morrow, we have no doubt he would "alter his hand."

ELDER HUTCHINSON, the other Jackson candidate for Senator, I believe is well known throughout the County. Any thing and every thing in religion; any thing and every thing in politics. GEORGE FRENCH, of Turner, one of the National Republican candidates for the Senate, is now known to you—you elected him last year and have had no cause to regret it. He has been at the Senate board and respected as an active and efficient member.

MARSHALL SPRING, Esq. of Hiram, the Gentleman selected by the National Republicans, as their other Candidate for the Senate, and residing in the same section of the County with Gen. Steele, is by no means of his cast of character. He was born and educated a republican and has never, for a moment, in word or deed, deviated from its principles. In the town where he resides, he is uniformly and universally esteemed and has received from the citizens many tokens of their good opinions and respect. He has represented them in the General Court of Massachusetts and in the Legislature of Maine.

SACO RIVER.

FOR THE OXFORD OBSERVER.

TO ELDER DANIEL HUTCHINSON.

REV. SIR.—It is with regret I see your name presented to the Electors of Oxford District, as a candidate for the Senate at the approaching election; because from a long acquaintance with your public character, I am led to entertain fears,

that the integrity of your moral principles, does not afford the People, a sufficient guarantee for the faithful discharge of such a trust. I know you have ever professed to be a great "liberty man" and genuine republican, and your unremitting labors, to make all Republicans genuine, have resembled the assiduities of the persevering wife, who used to beat her husband every day, in order to make him "be master over his own house." Indeed some of your political friends, have with characteristic shrewdness, styled you "the great gun" of Republicanism; but still I am left to fear, that this Gun, notwithstanding its prodigious caliber, and astonishing reports, will one day or other, either bear wide upon its muzzle, and kick its holders over; or by bursting at its breech, will spread confusion among the

OXFORD OBSERVER.

him, for the founder of a new religious Order. He might perhaps unite the Free-Will and Calvinist orders together; or possibly he might overthrow the whole Calvinistic Baptist Order. Whether these conjectures ever reached your ear, or if they did, whether they influenced your conduct or not, is matter only of mere conjecture; it is however well known that on the very next day (being Sunday) you ascended the pulpit, and to the astonishment of the whole audience told them that your mind was fully made up for another religious change! In short, you fell upon the Calvinistic Baptist Order without ceremony, and beat them without mercy, and without measure. The Church was now thoroughly roused from its apathy. The Innovators were taken into dealing. Some retracted their hasty opinions, but you, with several others, were publicly excommunicated, and have never yet been able to obtain the confidence and fellowship of either the Free-Will or Calvinistic Orders. And now, Sir, a man who is capable of playing off, so much dissimulation, and treachery, under the sacred mantle of piety and religion, as these transactions seem to exhibit, is not, in my opinion, hastily to be confounded in as a Man, or entrusted as a politician; under whatever cloak of honesty or zeal he may assume. It is perhaps possible that you have been sincere, in all your religious changes; but still some of them have been made under such appearances of sinister interest, as to deprive religious people, of all orders, of their confidence in your honesty as a man, or your sincerity as a Christian.

PLAIN DEALER.

[From the Saco Palladium.]
THE PEOPLE ARE COMING!

Depend upon it they are. We hear the most flattering accounts from everywhere. We conversed yesterday with two intelligent gentlemen from Somerset who assure us of a majority of 1000 at least in that County—that the people are indeed all on one side and none but the officers and their tools on the other.—The calumnies, they state, against the amiable and virtuous HUNTON, are effecting wonders in his favor, and the people every where are frowning indignantly at the base calumniators. The Jackson party feel the effect, but they have countenanced and encouraged the calumny too far to retract—they have made it the act of the party, and for it the party must be answerable. We never in our lives witnessed a more lively sensation than that vile “expositor” has created. The friends of Hunton are indignant, and most of the Jacksonites (if the thing be credible) are ashamed. The wife of his youth is in her grave—her memory must be blasted—the tomb is to be violated and the mouldering remains of a departed wife, exposed and mangled to satiate the malignity of these vampires. The sympathy is spreading like a conflagration. Kennebec and Lincoln will probably give us from 3 to 4,000 majority. Hancock, Washington, Penobscot and Waldo, are alive; Cumberland, in her convention, resolutions and address, has evinced a spirit which would not suffer in comparison with that of '76. Their address should be read by every patriot—it goes home to every bosom & should rouse the sleeping Sampsons to assert our rights and redress our wrongs. Oxford is taking bold ground, and old York of sturdy patriotism, is still herself.

The people are disenthralled—they speak, and it is done. They see and rejoice at their deliverance from the Junto of aristocrats who had bound them hand and foot. They will have no more political judges, no more speculators, no more double pay, double singing, double dealing, double-tongue gentry. Disguise, duplicity, peculation and fraud had nearly ruined them—the newspapers had betrayed them, their public agents had robbed them. But they will take their own affairs into their own hands & manage them in their own way.

The base calumnies against the private character of Mr. HUNTON, emanating in the Maine Patriot and circulating in most of the Jackson papers in the State, are every where frowned upon with that indignation and contempt which they so richly merit. The people have the most conclusive evidence that the charges against Mr. Hunton are entirely false. His most intimate friends never before heard a lisp of them. His nearest neighbors and townsmen indignant at the abuse heaped upon him assemble in public meeting and there uniformly express their most unlimited confidence in his virtue and integrity.—Conventions of citizens in every County in the State have reiterated the same sentiments, and in his own County, where he has resided during the principal part of his manhood, and where he is best known, a very large and highly respectable Convention held last week, have unanimously expressed their confidence in his “unblemished reputation and spotless integrity.” All this mass of irresistible testimony in favor of Mr. Hunton's private virtues is opposed to the assertions of an anonymous newspaper scribbler, without responsibility and, as is evident from his productions, of an abandoned and profligate character. It is generally understood that “Expo-

tor,” in his attack on Mr. Hunton, has very nearly related his own experience.—But we cannot dwell on this subject.—The great and honored JEFFERSON was once accused of illicit intercourse with a black slave, and though he refused to take notice of his libeller in Court of law, the people vindicated him from the effects of the calumny—and so they will. Mr. Hunton. Down with the slanderers!—Somerset Journal.

The electioneering in Maine falls not much short of the violence of the late Presidential contest. The choice of Governor, &c. takes place on the 14th Sept. Hon. Jonathan G. Hunton is the republican candidate, opposed by a Judge Smith, of the Jackson party.—Mr. Hunton is a native of Unity, in this State. His father was a patriot of the Revolution—one of that patriot band whose sufferings and services achieved our independence. The son is a gentleman of respectable talents, a sound politician, a substantial citizen, and we doubt not will make a useful and popular chief-magistrate.—N. H. Journal.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—We are informed that on Friday last, a company of seven persons, four men and three women, were returning in a boat to their homes, from a wedding held at a house of Mr. David Siphers, near Newcastle creek, at the upper end of Grand lake; one of the men undertook to go to the mast head to hoist a handkerchief, as a signal of rejoicing upon the happy occasion, in consequence of which the boat went over, filled with water, and sunk to the bottom; and distressing to relate, five persons, the four men and one of the women were drowned. Mr. Wm. Siphers, the owner of the boat was one of the number.

He had succeeded in bringing the 2 women who were saved, one to each mast head of the boat, and could have saved himself, but the third woman in her efforts, got hold of and entangled him, and they both went down together. Help was near by, but unhappily it came too late. We have not been able to ascertain the names of any of the sufferers except Wm. Siphers.—St. John (N. B.) paper.

POWER OF CONSCIENCE, OR MURDER WILL OUT!—We understand, that an individual has been committed to jail in Fayetteville, charged with having murdered, a Mr. Munroe, who was found dead near that place last winter, and whose death was attributed, at the time to his having fallen from his horse, in a state of intoxication. The person now in prison was arrested in consequence of certain disclosures, which were made by a white woman, who having attended a Camp Meeting, became so much affected by the exercises, that she could obtain no ease of mind, until she unburthened her conscience. She confessed to one of the Preachers, that the deceased Munroe was murdered at her house, and that Williamson, (now in jail) was concerned in the perpetration of the horrid deed!

GREAT FRESHET.—The Charleston, S. C. papers give an account of a serious freshet in the Pee Dee river, which had caused much damage. The river rose 30 feet in a single night. The current was so strong that logs were snapped in two, trees uprooted, mills carried away, &c. The loss is represented to have been dreadful on all the river low grounds, and it is feared that the rice Planters lower down, must also feel the effects. Letters from Camden, represent the destruction of cotton and corn, upon the low grounds of the Wateree, as very extensive; and the loss of stock in the swamps as very great.—Traveler.

BENNINGTON BATTLE.—The fifty-second anniversary of this memorable event which occurred on the 16th August, 1777, was celebrated by the citizens of Bennington and vicinity, on the 15th inst.—lb.

A child about two years of age was inhumanly murdered in Springfield [Mass.] last week. A fellow about 17 or 18 years of age, took the child into a piece of woods, where, after beating out both of its eyes, and stamping upon it with his feet, left it. The child was discovered about 12 o'clock at night, horribly mangled, and has since died. This brutal murder was committed upon the child in consequence of hatred towards the father.

CLIMATE OF KEY WEST.—It is found, says the Key West Register, that while Fahrenheit's Thermometer has risen as high as 95 deg. far to the North, in our lat. it has not risen higher than 89. It is worthy of remark that experiments have shewn that our climate is more uniform, and less liable to sudden and considerable changes, than any other part of the United States.

LOWELL, Aug. 19.

CAUTION.—A person yesterday passed several counterfeit bills in this town. They are two dollar notes of the Boston Bank, dated Oct. 3, 1825, payable to B. Lash, and signed by Jos. Chapman, Cashier, and Jn. P. Aphor, President. They are badly executed.

A gentleman in Virginia, who is well known and highly respected in that State, has resigned the office of Postmaster, because, under the present laws of the Post office department, he is required to violate the dictates of conscience and the divine law, in attending to the duties of his office on the Sabbath.

Richmond Visitor.

OXFORD ASSOCIATION.
Meeting at brother Walker's, in Paris, Sept. 8th, at 12 o'clock.

H. A. MERRILL, Scribe.

DIED,

In Paris, on the 20th ult. Mr. William Whittemore, aged 39. On Saturday last, Mrs. Sarah Stevens, aged about 70, widow of the late Doct. Cyprian Stevens: and on the same day a child of her son, Mr. Cyprian Stevens.

In Harrison, 15th ult. Grimal B., youngest child of Charles Washburn, Esq. aged 3 months and 2 days.

In Buckfield, Aug. 24th. Mrs. Anna Philbrick, widow of Jonathan Philbrick, late of L., aged 33 years. Mrs. P. is the last of the head of the four first families, that commenced the settlement of the town. She came with the few pioneers, who sought their way by marked trees, and took up their residence amid the howling wilderness, neither dismayed by the dangers nor discouraged by the difficulties that surrounded them. There is much praise due those who have volunteered to open the wild wood and prepare it for the residence of man.

Undaunted fortitude and unwavering perseverance are necessary to accomplish the arduous task.

Mrs. P. had these qualities in an uncommon degree; and probably none will doubt her claims to this characteristic, who shall know that she was a lineal descendant of the paternal ancestor of the celebrated Paul Jones.

She had one of those mature minds that we here and there meet with, which, if providence had so ordered, that it should have had the advantages of a high and finished education,

would have done honor to any society. Situated as she was, she received the voluntary love and esteem of the good around her, which she won by all the charities of a benevolent soul while she intimidated the vicious, if any approached her, by the energies of her uncompromising virtues. She lived not without God in the world, but was professedly and practically a disciple of Jesus Christ; and if blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, there is, in this instance, a consolation that shall wipe the tear from the eye of every relation and every friend.

Her great age were heavy upon her intellectual powers towards the close of life, and of late,

the scintillation of her once powerful mind were “few and far between,” and she ascended into the glories of another world unconscious of her relations to this.—[Communicated.]

PUTNAM & HUNT,
Propose to publish monthly, in the city of Boston,
A Religious and Literary Review and Magazine,

TO BE ENTITLED THE
AMERICAN CHRISTIAN OBSERVER; And to be conducted on the principles of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

THE present proposal has originated in a desire to supply the want, acknowledged by all, of a religious periodical of

more extensive and permanent character, as the representative of the American Episcopal Church, the expositor of her principles, and the advocate of her institutions.

In reference to this important object, the publishers have consulted with several of the Clergy and Laity, and have obtained assurances of such aid and support, as, under the editorial direction which they have procured, warrant them in asking from the Church at large, such encouragement of the enterprise, which they now propose, as will ensure its usefulness and success.

In the title which has been assumed, the Publishers mean rather to indicate the outline and general plan which they have proposed to themselves for their work, and the Christian tone and spirit with which they design it shall be executed,

than any expectation of attaining to the elevated rank so long and justly held by the English periodical of the same name.

The AMERICAN CHRISTIAN OBSERVER, will be devoted to the extension, exposition and inculcation of

the principles and influences of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, in connexion with the ministry, discipline, and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

It will call no man, master. It will enter into none of the heats and bitterness of the theological controversy.

It will never be enlisted in the warfare of local, personal, or ephemeral distinctions of party.

It will take, and endeavor always to maintain that common ground of scriptural truth, primitive order, and evangelical practice, upon which, as Christians, and as Churchmen, all should desire to meet.

And the greatest object of its ambition,

shall be, by love speaking the truth in

love, to bring back, as far as may be,

that blessed Apostolic era, when the

multitude of them that believed, were

of one heart, and of one soul—and, by

preaching Jesus Christ, and him crucified,

and enforcing the precepts of his

pure and undefiled religion, to advance

that era, still more blessed, of promise

and of prophecy, when all shall know

the Lord, from the least unto the greatest,

and the kingdoms of this world shall

become the kingdoms of our Lord, and

of his Christ. With these principles

before them, and firmly resolved, by di-

vine grace, that they shall be steadfastly

held and pursued, the Publishers respect-

fully appeal to the Clergy and Laity

throughout the United States, for their

aid, their influence, and their patronage,

that the proposed publication may thus

become, by the union of all, what it shall

be their constant effort, that it may de-

serve to be, the accredited representative

of the American Episcopal Church.

Without entering into unnecessary, or

inconvenient details, as to the plan of the work projected, it is thought proper to state, that an important object of it will be, by reviews and critical notices, to exhibit faithful account of all religious publications of interest and value, whether American or English; and, in the accomplishment of this design, the Publishers will receive, by a standing order, all new works in Theology, as they shall appear in Great Britain.

The history and progress of the American Church, and the various institutions and interests, will always hold a conspicuous place in its pages. Essays and dissertations, illustrative of sacred criticism, history, and antiquities will have insertion; though greater prominence will always be given to articles designed for doctrinal instruction, or for practical influence.

The AMERICAN CHRISTIAN OBSERVER will keep an eye on the literature of the age, as at once a correct index, and a powerful controller of its spirit and tendencies—and on the general course of political events, at home and abroad, so far as they may bear upon the peace and prosperity of Christ's Church, militant here on earth.

A full and complete digest of the Missionary, Sunday School, and other benevolent operations of the

Church, in all parts of the world will be prepared for every month.

An accurate register of all ecclesiastical events in our

own Church, and of those which are

most important in the Church of Eng-

land, will be regularly presented.

For the execution of this plan, in ad-

dition to the experienced editorial direc-

tion which they have secured, the Pub-

lishers have pledged to them the active

and continued support of some of the

principal Clergymen and Laymen of the

Church, and they confidently look for

aid and encouragement from all. That

nothing may be wanting on their part to

enlist the best talent, or to create the

most extensive interest in behalf of their

proposed publication, all contributions

which shall receive insertion, shall be

paid for, at the rate of one dollar for

each page. Of the Editors of the sev-

eral periodical publications in the Pro-

testant Episcopal Church, the Publish-

ers ask such countenance for their enter-

prise, as it shall seem to deserve; hop-

ing that the AMERICAN CHRISTIAN OB-

SERVER will in due time be found a zealous

and by God's blessing, an useful auxil-

iary, with them, in the good cause of Cristian truth and piety.

CONDITIONS.

I. The work will be published on the first day of every month, commencing with Jan'y. 1830.

II. It will be printed on fine paper with a new type.

III. Each number will contain about fifty pa-

ges—making an octavo volume of 600 pages

annually, with title page and index.

IV. Price, \$3 a year, payable on delivery of

the third number.

OXFORD OBSERVER.

POETRY.

FOR THE OXFORD OBSERVER.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, thou gem of peerless worth,—
Thou fairest flower which blooms on earth—
Thou balm which heals the wounded soul,
And bids the tide of pleasure roll.

Thou'rt not a name of empty sound
Which puffs thine airy words around,
Neither an ostentatious show;
Nor like the tide dost ebb and flow.

True Friendship will not pass away
With fleeting time—twill ne'er decay;
Revolving years make it more strong,
And adverse fate its stay prolong.

Friendship, thy name to me is dear,
Oft hast thou dried the falling tear;
And if thou smil'd' midst prospects fair,
Thou didst my adverse fortune share.

Be mine a friend with heart sincere,
Who'll shed the sympathizing tear—
Who will without the hope of gain,
In darkest times a friend remain.

Then with the wreath which binds thy vow,
I will adorn my youthful brow,—
And in the tablet of this heart,
I'll write thy name nor with it part.

And when descending to the tomb,
Thy breath, O Friendship! sweet perfume!
Will still protract my lingering breath,
While strugling in the arms of death.

My spirit fluttering to be gone,
Would stop to hear the pleasing song
Of Friendship from a mortal tongue
Once more on earth —

Then stretch her wings and soar away
Where Friendship reigns in endless day.

Then when my mould'ring dust is laid,
With humble stone in yon lone glade;
Oft may some well-lov'd friend repair,
And strew the flowers of Friendship there.

And there may friendly angels keep
Their virgins whilst my dust shall sleep,
Till Gabriel's trump shall bid it rise
To join my spirit in the skies. **URSULA.**

[F] We extract the following pertinent lines from the *Dover Enquirer*. They contain truths worthy of being repeated.—[N. H. Journal.]

OLD AND NEW TIMES.
When my dear father was a boy,
Full forty years ago,
Young Gentlemen could pull the flax,
And break it from the tow.

Young Gentlemen could plough, and plant,
And sow, and dig, and reap,—
To market then they'd take a jaunt,
Their money get and keep.

Young Gentlemen were noble then,
As any dandies now;
Yet they could help their mamas churn,
And make a graceful bow.

Young Gentlemen then wore wool hats,
Cut with a good broad brim—
Three corner'd cambricks for cravats,
They tied beneath the chin.

Then Gentlemen wore nice long coats,
All buttoned up before;
No ruffles had they on their shirts—
Not one amongst a score.

And as for love, I do not know—
I think then some possess'd it,
But of the noble passion now
They're all alike divested.

Young gentlemen that did then love,
Believe in perseverance;
And to the promises they made
They kept a strict adherence.

Now Gentlemen can stalk the field,
Rake hay an hour or two
When suddenly the showers arise,
As frequently they do.

Now Gentlemen with walking sticks
Can saunter through the town—
Can stop in any dram-shop door,
And leisurely sit down.

They never drink unless they're dry,—
"A little cannot harm;"
But sometimes when they wish to go,
They "cannot spin street-yarn."

Mustachoes, Gentlemen now wear;
I like the appearance well;
But then their beard is shorn so near,
They'll marry a "whopper" tell.

Now woven hats are charged for fur,
Cravats to stiffened collars,
Plain bosoms into yard-wide ruffs,
And Eagles into Dollars.

HOW TO PAY FOR A FARM.

A man in the town of D—some twenty years ago, went to a merchant in Portsmouth, N. H. who was also president of a bank, and stated that he lived on a farm, the home of his fathers, which had descended to him by right of inheritance; that this his only property, worth two thousand dollars, was mortgaged to a merciless creditor, and that the time of redemption would be out in a week. He closed by asking for a loan to the amount of his debt, for which he offered to remortgage his farm.

Merchant.—I have no money to spare, and if I would relieve you now, a similar difficulty would probably arise in a year or two.

Farmer.—No; I would make every exertion; I think I could clear it.

Mer.—Well, if you will obey my di-

rections, I can put you in a way to get the money; but it will require the greatest prudence and resolution. If you can get a good endorser on a note, you shall have the money from the bank, and you can mortgage your farm to the endorser for his security. You must pay one hundred dollars every 60 days. Can you do it?

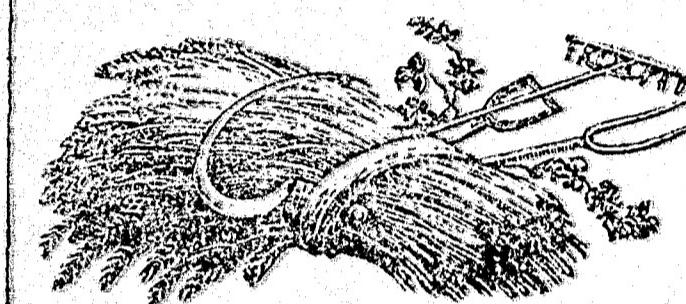
Far.—I can get Mr. — for endorser, and I can raise the hundred dollars for every payment but the first.

Mer.—Then borrow a hundred dollars more than you want, and let it lie in the bank; you will lose only one dollar interest. But mind—in order to get along you must spend nothing—buy nothing—make a box to hold all the money you get as a sacred deposit.

He departed. The note was discounted and the payment punctually made. In something more than two years he came again into the store of the merchant, and exclaimed, "I am a free man, I don't owe any man ten dollars—but look at me." He was embrowned with labor, and his clothes from head to foot were a tissue of darns and patches—"My wife looks worse than I do." "So, you have cleared your farm," said the merchant. "Yes," answered he, "and now I know how to get another."

Thus good advice, well improved, rescued a family from poverty, and put them in possession of a competency, which they yet live to enjoy. Thus may any one retrieve a fallen fortune if he will.

AGRICULTURE-UTILITY.



[From the Maine Farmer.]

FARMING---NO. 2.

BEES.—Every Farmer should cultivate Bees. The necessary expense at the outset, is very inconsiderable, while the profit is generally enormous. To cultivate the honey Bee successfully requires, to be sure, some little capital, knowledge, system and attention; but the necessary knowledge, and habits of application and care are very easily acquired. No investment of money, nor is any industry, so liberally rewarded as that, which is bestowed upon the "little busy bee." Honey is, and has ever been since our remembrance a great and rare luxury, enjoyed but by comparatively a few and by them sparingly—instead of being, as it might very easily become, the every day gratification of the many. Honey should be cultivated for home use—for the pleasure of eating it, more than for the profit of selling it. It may be made, we believe, if more common and cheap, to supply in a great measure the place of Sugar and M' lasses—compared with which, with proper management, it would cost little or nothing. If it will answer as a substitute for sugar in current wine, why will it not answer an equal purpose for "jams," "jellies," and "preserves."

Why may not honey be a good substitute for molasses in beer and in gingerbread? Will some of our fair readers, if we have such, who are nice in these matters, make the experiment and communicate the result?

We have made these observations mainly for the purpose of calling the attention of our readers to the following extract from a very interesting and valuable Essay on Bees, in the 61st number of the North American Review.

This essay was written, we are informed, by Mrs. Mary Griffith of Charlies-hope, New Jersey, and so highly are the opinions of Mrs. Griffith estimated by the Horticultural Society of Massachusetts, that at their meeting on the 4th of July last, a resolution was adopted, directing their President, Gen. H. A. S. Dearborn, to apply for a model of her Hive, to be deposited in the Hall of the Society for the benefit of those, who may wish to avail themselves of the advantages it possesses over hives in common use. Not having access to the Society's Hall of Exhibition, we have it in contemplation to prepare a *model hive*, as perfect as we can from the description, and offer it to the trustees of the Waldo Agricultural Society for exhibition.

A FARMER.—An apiary, or bee-shed, should be increased as the hives multiply. It is, however, difficult to describe one accurately.

The most convenient one that we have seen, is on a farm near New Brunswick in New Jersey. It is fifty feet long, and contains sixteen hives on each side. The swarms which are successively cast off, are placed under the same shed in the winter, and an equal number of the old hives are sold to make room for them. This aspiary might be enlarged to any extent, were there pasture enough for the bees; but the area of the bees' flight, as there are now many cultivators of bees in this district, does not furnish food enough for a great number.

In this aspiary the muller or nighting— is successfully guarded against. A small wire door, made to slide behind two door posts, formed of needles, is

closed over the entrance of the hive, as soon as the bees have retired for the night. This is done during the months of April, May, and June; after that, if the weather sets in warm, and the bees are oppressed by heat, the floor of the hive is let down, which, as it is fastened to the hive behind with hinges, and on the side with hooks and staples, can easily be accomplished. Two rows of scantling or joists four inches square, and running the whole length of the apiary, receive the hives between them, which are thus suspended at a distance of about three feet from the ground.

"The hive is thirteen inches square at the top, and is of the same size at the bottom of the front and back, but the bottom of the sides is only seven inches wide. By this slope of the hive, the combs wedge themselves as they are made, and there is no use for the ill-contrived crossed sticks, that are generally thrust in the old hives, to keep the combs from falling down by their own weight. The floor is as we observed, fastened by hinges and hooks. It is likewise an inclined plane, having a slope of at least four inches.

"The advantages of this inclination will be instantly seen. The perspiration of the bees, which is copious, is, by the inclination of the sides and floor, conveyed off at once, without being absorbed by the boards. All extraneous matter can be carried away by the bees with very little trouble, and they can defend themselves from robbers or corsair bees with much greater ease than if the floor were flat.

"As the floor opens and shuts, the observer can inspect the interior of the hive at pleasure, not with the hope of getting at the minutiæ of the bees' policy, but to see the forwardness of the combs, the number of the bees, and the general appearance, which a practised eye can soon understand. When the floor of the hive is left down all night, and the bees hang very low from the combs in the morning, they will soon remove themselves up again, if the floor is raised very gently and slowly and fastened again as usual.

"The cover of the hive is of course thirteen inches square. It is made of common pine, as the hive, with two cleats on the upper part, as well to prevent the board from warping, as to prevent the box or upper story, which is always added, from being moved from its place. The cover of the hive has three holes of one inch in diameter, within a quarter of an inch of each other. These holes are to allow the bees to pass to the upper box when the *hive* is full of honey.

"It is ascertained satisfactorily, that the young brood and the bee-bread or pollen are deposited in the hive where the swarm is first put. The holes in the cover are therefore kept shut by plugs, until the hive is filled. The holes are then opened, the bees immediately pass up, and if the season be propitious, they fill the upper box with comb and honey, which as there is neither bee-bread nor brood, is of the finest and purest kind. We have often seen 40 and 60 pounds obtained by this simple proceeding; and the box is also used to feed a famished hive in the spring. A single comb left in one of these boxes will sustain a swarm, that has eaten up all its honey until vegetation commences. As the boxes and hives are of equal size, any one box will fit a hive.

When the combs in the hive are three years old, two of them can be taken out every winter, provided there remain honey enough in the rest for the use of the bees. Thirty weight of honey is the average quantity that suffices for a swarm of large size. The hives in question weigh, when empty, about twelve pounds, a swarm of bees four pounds, the wax two pounds. The whole, therefore, ought to weigh about 50 pounds in November. All over this quantity can be taken out to advantage, as the wax becomes very dark after two or three years. The whole of the combs can be thus renewed in the course of 4 years, as the bees replace them early in the spring. We omitted to mention that the length of the back of the hive is 22 inches, and of the front 28 inches, and that the floor projects in front about three inches, thus forming an apron or platform, on which the bees alight before they enter in at the little door. Models of this hive have been sent to several of the horticultural societies of Europe, and they are getting into use in this country."

TO BE CONTINUED.

PICKLED BEETS.

The following method of preparing pickled beets has been so highly recommended to us, that we think it our duty to offer it to the ladies. Parboil some of the finest red beet roots in water; then cut them into a sauce-pan with some sliced horse radish, onions, powdered ginger, beaten mace, white pepper, cloves, all-spice, and salt; and boil the whole in sufficient vinegar to cover it at least a quarter of an hour. Strain the liquor from the ingredients, put the slices into a jar, pour the strained liquor over them, and if higher color be wanted, add a little powdered cochineal when the pickle is quite cold, and keep it closely covered with bladder or leather.

GERMAN, SCOTCH, AND IRISH LINENS.
4 and 5-4 Scotch and Irish Sheetings and Shirtings; Long Lawns; Brown and White Russia Sheetings and Diapers; and a great variety of Linen Goods, just received n d for sale cheap by T. O. BRADLEY, No. 6, Mussey's Row.

Portland, May 26.

A little oil may be poured on the top of this pickle which will assist the better to preserve it without prejudice to the beet root, which is commonly served up in oil, its own liquor, and a small quantity of powdered loaf sugar poured over it. Some also add mustard, but this is by no means necessary, and certainly does not improve the color of this fine pickle.

REMEDY FOR HEAVES IN HORSES.

Take one pound and a half of good ginger, for a horse. Give two table spoonfuls a day—one in the morning and the other in the evening, mixt with wheat bran. This receipt has been selling at \$5 at the eastward, where the efficacy of the above medicine has been proved in the cure of several cases of obstinate heaves.

THE SPIRIT OF '76.—A veteran of the revolution, in Berkshire County, Mass. whose character has long been without reproach, was visited soon after the formation of a Temperance Society in his town, and respectfully invited to co-operate with them in their work. He replied, very kindly, "I beg you will excuse me, gentlemen. I honor your motives, and approve your proceedings, and hope you will have great success. But old people don't change easily. I learned to drink while I was in the army, and have always been in the habit of taking a little with moderation, as you know, gentlemen; and now in my old age, it seems like a necessary comfort, and I can hardly think of giving it up. I hope you will succeed, and that the next generation will be wiser than their fathers; but really, gentlemen, I think the old soldier must be excused."

The committee withdrew, perhaps not a little sorry to fail in obtaining the name of so worthy a man, but with no diminution of their respect or affection for one whom they all revered as a father.

A few months afterwards, they visited the old man again, and said—"We have come to see you again, sir, for we find ourselves in a difficulty. We go to our neighbors who drink, and are in danger of drinking too much, and endeavor to persuade them to give it up. But they all say—"Judge — drinks, and why should not we drink?" The spirit of '76 was touched. "Give me the paper, gentlemen," said the patriot; "it shall never be said that an old seventy-sixer was found to stand in the way of a measure so necessary for his country as the temperance reformation. I have conquered the British, and I can give up drinking. If my name or example can do any good, they are at your service."

THE PLACE FOR GOOD BARGAINS!
AT NO. 1.
MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS,
WHERE has just been received, from AUCTION and otherwise an additional supply of Good Bargains—among which are,

Blk and col'd Lustings; Plaid Silks; Pongees, Crapes; blc Lace Veils; Merino, Crape, Raw Silk, Brocade, Valentia SHAWLS; splendid assortment of fancy Hdks'; Bonnet and Cap Ribbons, new style; Bonnet Cambries; Bobbinet and Cotton Laces; Gloves and Mits; Hair Combs, Cambries and Muslins, &c.

ALSO
Stout 7 | 8 Bleached Shirtings, at 8 and 9 cts; Stout brown do. at 7 & 8; Stout Sheetings 8 & 9; Copperplates patch cols 1s; super Calicoes, 12 1-2 cts; and 1s; dark figured Silks 30 cts; Scotch Ginghams 7 | 8 wide 25 cents; belt Ribbons 8, 10, 12 1-2, and 1s; Thibet Hdks', 2s 3d; Dimotys 1s; white cotton Hose 1s, 20 and 25 cts; Figd Jac't Muslins 2s, 2s 3d and 2s 6d; with many other articles cheap, and probably cheaper than is usually found, and all goods warranted to give perfect satisfaction.—A liberal discount made to those who become customers and purchase with cash, and such will find it an object to call.—Good white and blue mixt wooden Yarn taken in exchange, at fair prices.

WILLIAM D. LITTLE.
Portland, July 3, 1829. 3m 2

BROADCLOTHS—VERY CHEAP.

50 Ps. Black, Blue, and Fancy colors, from 1,25 to 12,50 per yard, and at least 25 per cent cheaper than ever before offered by THOMAS O. BRADLEY.

ALSO AS ABOVE:

3 1-2 pairs Patent Pistols,
2 Percussion Fowling Pieces,
1 Elegant Sword,
4 or 5 Elegant Looking-Glasses,
Purchased at Auction and will be sold very cheap.

Portland, June 23.

OIL CLOTHS.

ONE Case containing 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4 Oil Cloths, this day received and for sale low by

T. O. BRADLEY.

Portland, July 28.

ELEGANT PARASOLS—Cheap.

201 Parasols, this day received from Philadelphia, for sale very cheap by THOS. O. BRADLEY.

Portland, June 30.

10 Ps. CARPETINGS at reduced prices by THOS. O. BRADLEY.

Portland, June 23.

The following STANDARD MEDICINE has ever proved a safe, economical and efficacious cure for some of the most dangerous diseases:

TO THE LADIES.

WHITE and SOUND Teeth are both an ornament and a blessing.